Fragments from France

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"Well, If you knows of a better 'ole, Go to it."

By

Capt. Bruce Bairnsfather

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FRAGMENTS FROM FRANCE

BY

CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

AUTHOR OF "BULLETS AND BILLETS"

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS
NEW YORK AND LONDON
The Knickerbocker Press
1917

The Knickerbocker Press, New York

FOREWORD

By the Editor of "The Bystander."

WHEN Tommy went out to the great war, he went smiling, and singing the latest ditty of the halls. The enemy scowled. War, said his professors of kultur and his hymnsters of hate, could never be waged in the Tipperary spirit, and the nation that sent to the front soldiers who sang and laughed must be the very decadent England they had all along denounced as unworthy of world-power.

I fear the enemy will be even more infuriated when he turns over the pages of this book. In it the spirit of the British citizen soldier, who, hating war as he hated hell, flocked to the colours to have his whack at the apostles of blood and iron, is translated to cold and permanent print. Here is the great war reduced to grim and gruesome absurdity. It is not fun poked by a mere looker-on, it is the fun felt in the war by one who has been through it.

CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER.

Captain Bruce Bairnsfather has stayed at that "farm" which is portrayed in the double page of the book;

he has endured that shell-swept "'ole" that is depicted on the cover; he has watched the disappearance of that "blinkin' parapet" shown on one page; has had his hair cut under fire as shown on another. And having been through it all, he has just put down what he has seen and heard and felt and smelt and—laughed at.

Captain Bairnsfather went to the front in no mood of a "chiel takin' notes." It was the notes that took him. Before the war, some time a regular soldier, some time an engineer, he had little other idea than to sketch for mischief, on walls and shirt cuffs, and tablecloths. Without the war he might never have put pencil to paper for publication. But the war insisted.

It is not for his mere editor to forecast his vogue in posterity. Naturally I hope it will be a lasting one, but I am prejudiced. Let me, however, quote a letter which reached Captain Bairnsfather from somewhere in France:

> "Twenty years after peace has been declared there will be no more potent stimulus to the recollections of an old soldier than your admirable sketches of trench life. May I, with all deference, congratulate you on your humour, your fidelity, your something-else not easily defined—I mean your power of expressing in black and white a condition of mind."

I hope that this forecast is a true one. If this sketch book is worthy to outlast the days of the war, and to be kept for remembrance on the shelves of those who have lived through it, it will have done its bit. For will it not be a standing reminder of the *ingloriousness* of war, its preposterous absurdity, and of its futility as a means of settling the affairs of nations?

When the ardent Jingo of the day after to-morrow rattles the sabre, let there be somewhere handy a copy of "Fragments from France" that can be opened in front of him, at any page, just to remind him of what war is really like as it is fought in "civilised" times.

Captain Bairnsfather has become a household word—or perhaps one should say a trench-hold word. Who is ever the worse for a laugh? Certainly not the soldier in trench or dug-out or shell-swept billet. Rather may it be said that the Bairnsfather laughter has acted in thousands of cases as an antidote to the bane of depression. It is the good fortune of the British Army to possess such an antidote, and the ill-fortune of the other belligerents that they do not possess its equivalent.

CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

This picture was taken at the Front, less than a quarter of a mile from the German trenches. Captain Bairnsfather has come "straight off the mud," and is wearing a fur coat, a Balaclava helmet, and gum boots. Immediately behind him is a hole made by a "Jack Johnson" shell

A Scots officer, writing in the *Edinburgh Evening News*, hits the true sentiment towards Bairnsfather of the Army in France when he writes:

> "To us out here the 'Fragments' are the very quintessence of life. We sit moping over a smoky charcoal fire in a dug-out. Suddenly someone, more wide-awake than others remembers the 'Fragments.' Out it comes, and we laugh

uproariously over each picture For are these not the very things we are witnessing every day, incidents full of tragic humour? The fed-up spirit you see on the faces of Bairnsfather's pictures is a sham—a mask beneath which there lies something that is essentially British."

In a communication received by Captain Bairnsfather an eminent Member of Parliament writes: "You are rising to be a factor in the situation, just as Gillray was a factor in the Napoleonic wars." The difference is, however, that instead of turning his satire exclusively upon the enemy, as did Gillray, Captain Bairnsfather turns his—good-humouredly always—on his fellow-warriors. This habit of ours of making fun of ourselves has come by now to be fairly well understood by even the most sensitive and serious-minded of our continental friends and neighbours. It hardly needs nowadays to be pointed out that it is a fixed condition of the national life that wherever Britons are working together in any common object, whether in school, college, profession, or even warfare, they must never *appear* to be regarding their occupation too seriously. Those who know us—and who, nowadays, has the excuse for not knowing us, seeing how very much we have been discussed?—understand that our frivolity is apparent and not real. Because we have the gift of laughter, we are no less appreciative of grim realities than are our scowling enemies, and nobody knows that better in these days than those scowling enemies themselves.

Their hymns of hate and prayers for punishment have been impotent expressions of exasperation at our coolness, deliberation,

and inflexible determination—qualities they had deluded themselves before the war into believing would prove all a sham before the first blast of frightfulness. They told themselves that, a war once actually begun, the imperturbable pipe-smoking John Bull would be transformed into a cowering craven. More complete confusion of this false belief is nowhere to be found than in these "Fragments." It ranks as a colossal German defeat that successive bloodthirsty assaults upon us by land, sea, and air should produce a Bairnsfather, depicting the "contemptible little Army," swollen out of all recognition, settling humorously down to war as though it were the normal business of life.

"Fed up"? Yes, that is the word by which to describe, if you like, the prevalent Bairnsfather expression of countenance. But the kind of weariness he depicts is the reverse of the kind that implies "give up." *Au contraire, mes amis!* The "fed-up" Bairnsfather man is a fixture. "*J'y suis,*" he might exclaim, if he spoke French, "*et il m'embête que j'y suis. Je voudrais que je n'y sois pas. Mais j'y suis, et, mes bons camarades, par tous les dieux, j'y reste!*"

If the enemy should read in the words "fed up" a sign that our tenacity is giving out, he reads it wrong; grim will be the disillusionment of any hopes he may build upon his misreading, and even grimmer the anger of those whom he may have deluded.

These *verdammte Engländer* are never what they seem, but are always something unpleasantly different. We are the Great Enigma of the war, and in our mystery lies our greatest strength. Let us be careful not to lose it. Those who would have us simplify ourselves upon the continental model, and present to the world a picture of sombre seriousness, are asking us to change our

national character. Cromwell asked the painter to paint him, "warts and all." Bairnsfather sketches us—smiles and all. And who would take the smiles off the "dials" of the figures you will see on the pages that follow?

Where to Live—[ADVT.]

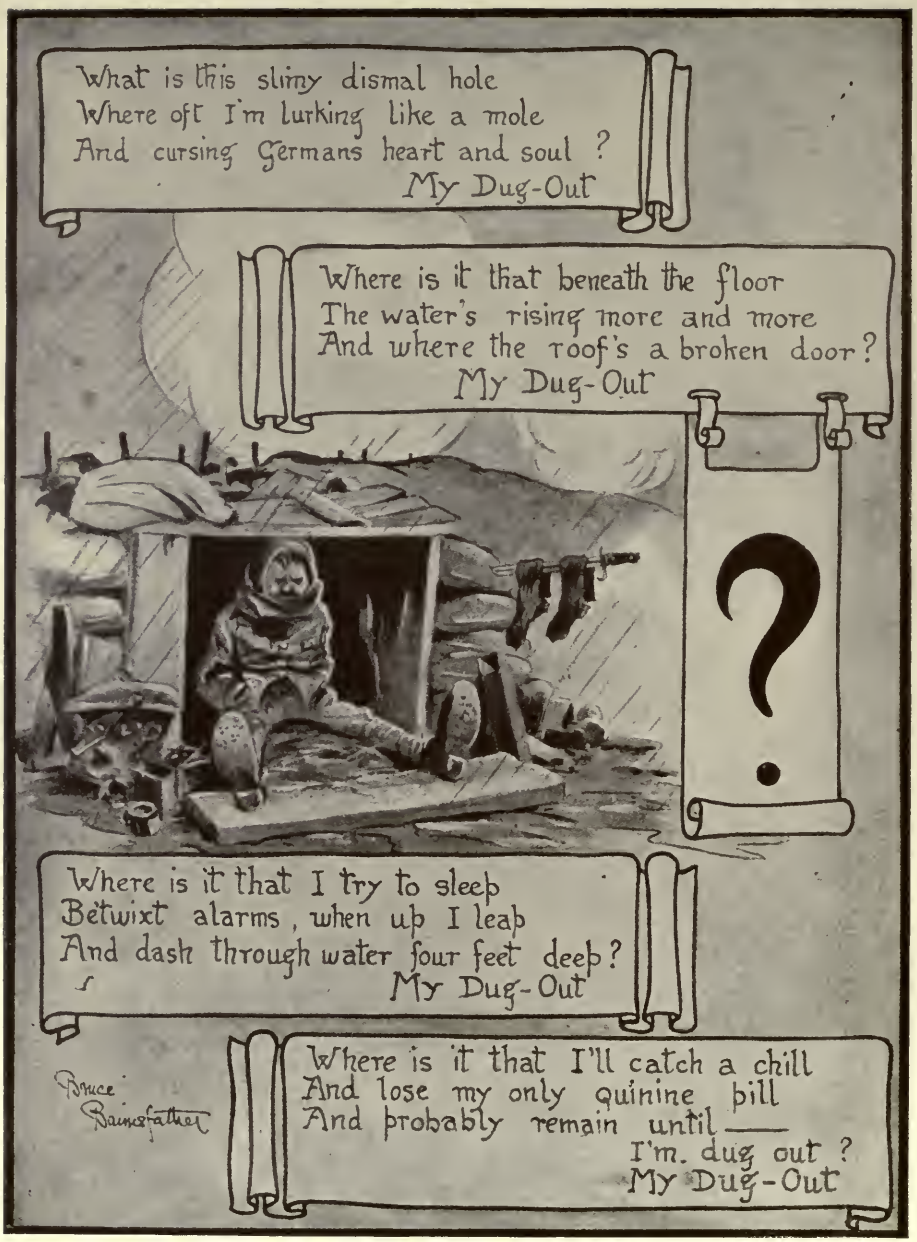
IN ONE OF THE CHOICEST LOCALITIES OF NORTHERN FRANCE.

TO BE LET (three minutes from German trenches), this attractive and WELL-BUILT DUG-OUT, containing one reception-kitchen-bedroom and UP-TO-DATE FUNK HOLE (4ft. by 3ft.), all modern inconveniences, including gas and water. This desirable Residence stands one foot above water level, commanding an excellent view of the enemy trenches.

EXCELLENT SHOOTING (SNIPE AND DUCK).

—Particulars of the late Tenant, Room 6, Base Hospital, Boulog.e.

"Where did that one go to?"


What is this slimy dismal hole
Where oft I'm lurking like a mole
And cursing Germans heart and soul ?
My Dug-Out
Where is it that beneath the floor
The water's rising more and more
And where the roof's a broken door?
My Dug-Out
?
Where is it that I try to sleep
Betwixt alarms, when up I leap
And dash through water four feet deep?
My Dug-Out
Where is it that I'll catch a chill
And lose my only quinine pill
And probably remain until ——
I'm. dug out ?
My Dug-Out
Bruce Bairnsfather

My Dug-Out: A lay of the trenches.

That Evening Star-shell.

"Oh, star of eve, whose tender beam
Falls on my spirit's troubled dream."

—*Wolfram's Aria in "Tannhäuser."*

"They've evidently seen me."

Situation Shortly Vacant.

In an old-fashioned house in France an opening will shortly occur for a young man, with good prospects of getting a rise.

The Tactless Teuton.

A member of the Gravediggers' Corps joking with a private in the Orphans' Battalion, prior to a frontal attack.

No Possible Doubt Whatever.

Sentry: "'Alt! Who goes there?"
He of the Bundle: "You shut yer ——— mouth, or I'll ——— come and knock yer ——— head off!"
Sentry: "Pass, friend!"

"Gott strafe this barbed wire."

"Well, if you knows of a better 'ole, go to it."

A Proposal in Flanders.

The point of Jean's pitchfork awakens a sense of duty in a mine that shirked.

A Maxim Maxim.

"Fire should be withheld till a favourable target presents itself."

Our Adaptable Armies.

Private Jones (late "Zogitoff," the comedy wire artist) appreciably reduces the quantity of hate per yard of frontage.

So Obvious.

The Young and Talkative One: "Who made that 'ole?"
The Fed-up One: "Mice."

The Fatalist.

"I'm sure they'll 'ear this damn thing squeakin'."

Keeping His Hand In.

Private Smith, the company bomber, formerly "Shinio," the popular juggler, frequently causes considerable anxiety to his platoon.

"———— these ————rations."

A.D. Nineteen Fifty.

"I see the War Babies' Battalion is a coming out."

Frustrated Ingenuity.

Owing to dawn breaking sooner than he anticipated, that inventive fellow, Private Jones, has a trying time with his latest creation, "The Little Plugstreet," the sniper's friend.

Directing the Way at the Front.

"Yer knows the dead 'orse 'cross the road? Well, keep straight on till yer comes to a p'rambulator 'longside a Johnson 'ole."

The Late Comer.

"Where 'ave you been? 'Avin' your bloomin' fortune told?"

Dear ————

"At present we are staying at a farm . . . "

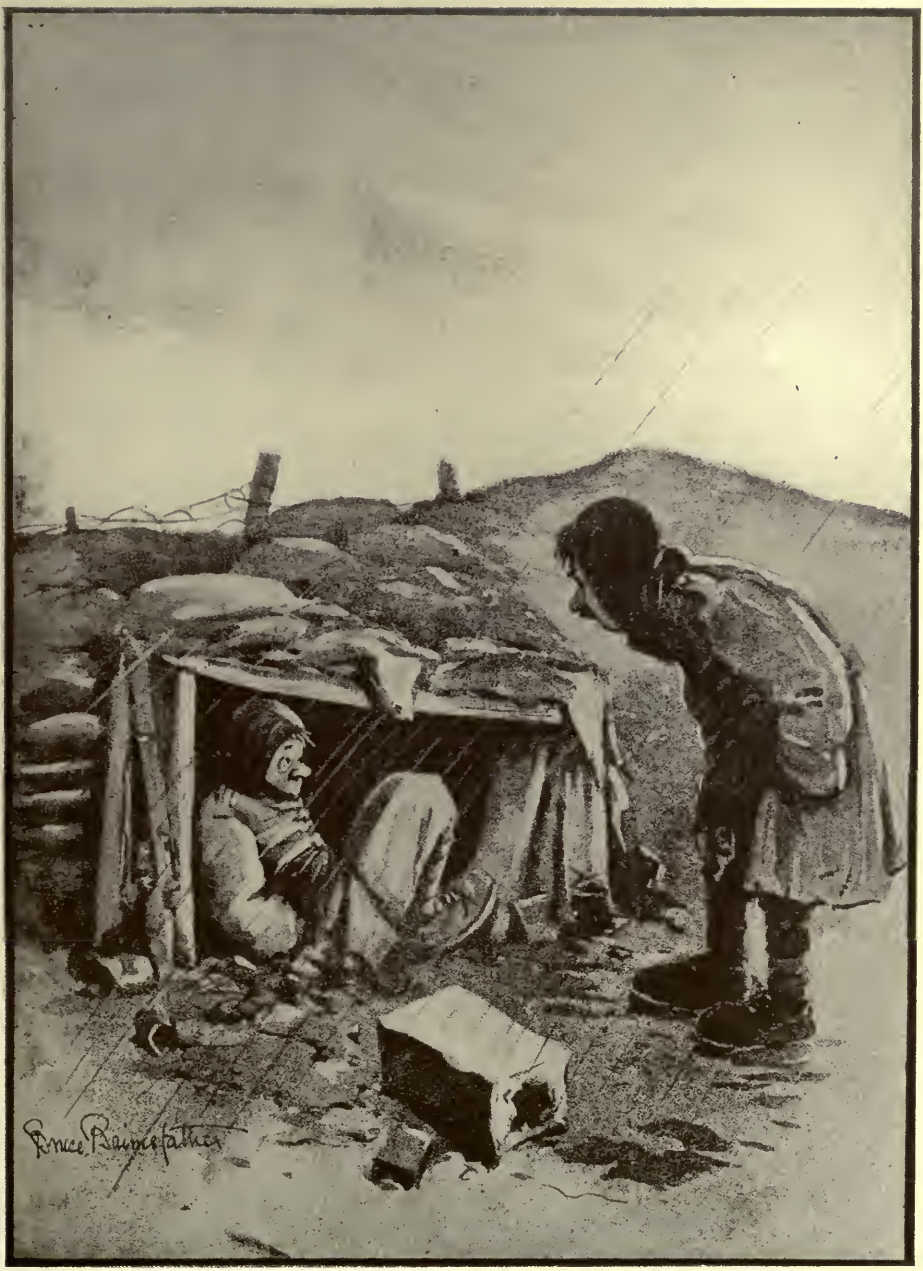
The Eternal Question.

"When the 'ell is it goin' to be strawberry?"

"The Push"—in Three Chapters.

By one who's been "Pushed."

"The Spirit of our
Troops is Excellent."



The Innocent Abroad.

Out since Mons: "Well, what sort of a night 'ave yer 'ad?"
Novice (but persistent optimist): "Oh, alright. 'Ad to get out and rest a bit now and again."

"There goes our blinkin' parapet again."

The Thirst for Reprisals.

"'And me a rifle, someone. I'll give these ————s 'ell for this!"

The Ideal and the Real.

What we should like to see at our billets—
and (inset) what we do see.

The Things that Matter.

Scene: Loos, during the September offensive.

Colonel Fitz-Shrapnel receives the following message from "G. H. Q.":—

"Please let us know, as soon as possible, the number of tins of raspberry jam issued to you last Friday."

The Soldier's Dream.

A "Bitter" disappointment on waking.

That Sword.

How he thought he was going to use it——

——and how he did use it.

What It Really Feels Like.

To be on patrol duty at night-time.

"Watch me make a fire-bucket of 'is 'elmet."

"That 16-inch Sensation."

Coiffure in the Trenches.

"Keep yer 'ead still, or I'll 'ave yer blinkin' ear off."

Another Maxim Maxim.

"Machine guns form a valuable support for infantry."

"The same old moon."

"My dream for years to come."

Never Again!

"In future I snipe from the ground."

Thoroughness.

"What time shall I call you in the morning, sir?"

(Colonel Chutney, V.C., home on short leave, decides to keep in touch with dug-out life.)

Our Democratic Army.

Member of Navvies' Battalion (to Colonel): "I say, yer mate's dropped 'is cane.'

Five days leave!
Taxi!

The Dud Shell — Or the Fuse-Top Collector.

"Give it a good 'ard 'un, Bert; you can generally 'ear 'em fizzing a bit first if they are a-goin' to explode."

" What's all this about unmarried men? "

That Hat.

"Pop out and get it, Bert."
"Pop out yerself."

Springtime in Flanders.

"Personally, I think this is just what you want for laying your eggs in, but, as Bairnsfather says, 'If you knows of a better 'ole, go to it.'"

When One Would Like to Start an Offensive on One's Own.

RECIPE FOR FEELING LIKE THIS—Bully, biscuits, no coke, and leave just cancelled.

Trouble With One of the Souvenirs.

"'Old these a minute while I takes that blinkin' smile off 'is dial."

The Historical Touch.

"Well, Alfred, 'ow are the cakes?"

His Initiation.

No. 99988 Private Blobs (on sentry-go) feels that he has at last stumbled across the true explanation of that somewhat cryptic expression, "There'll be dirty work at the cross-roads to-night!"

Those Superstitions.

Private Sandy McNab cheers the assembly by pointing out (with the aid of his pocket almanac) that it is Friday the 13th and that their number is one too many.

The Professional Touch.

"Chuck us out that bag o' bombs, mate; it's under your 'ead."

The Conscientious Exhilarator.

"*Every encouragement should be given for singing and whistling.*"—(Extract from a "Military Manual.")

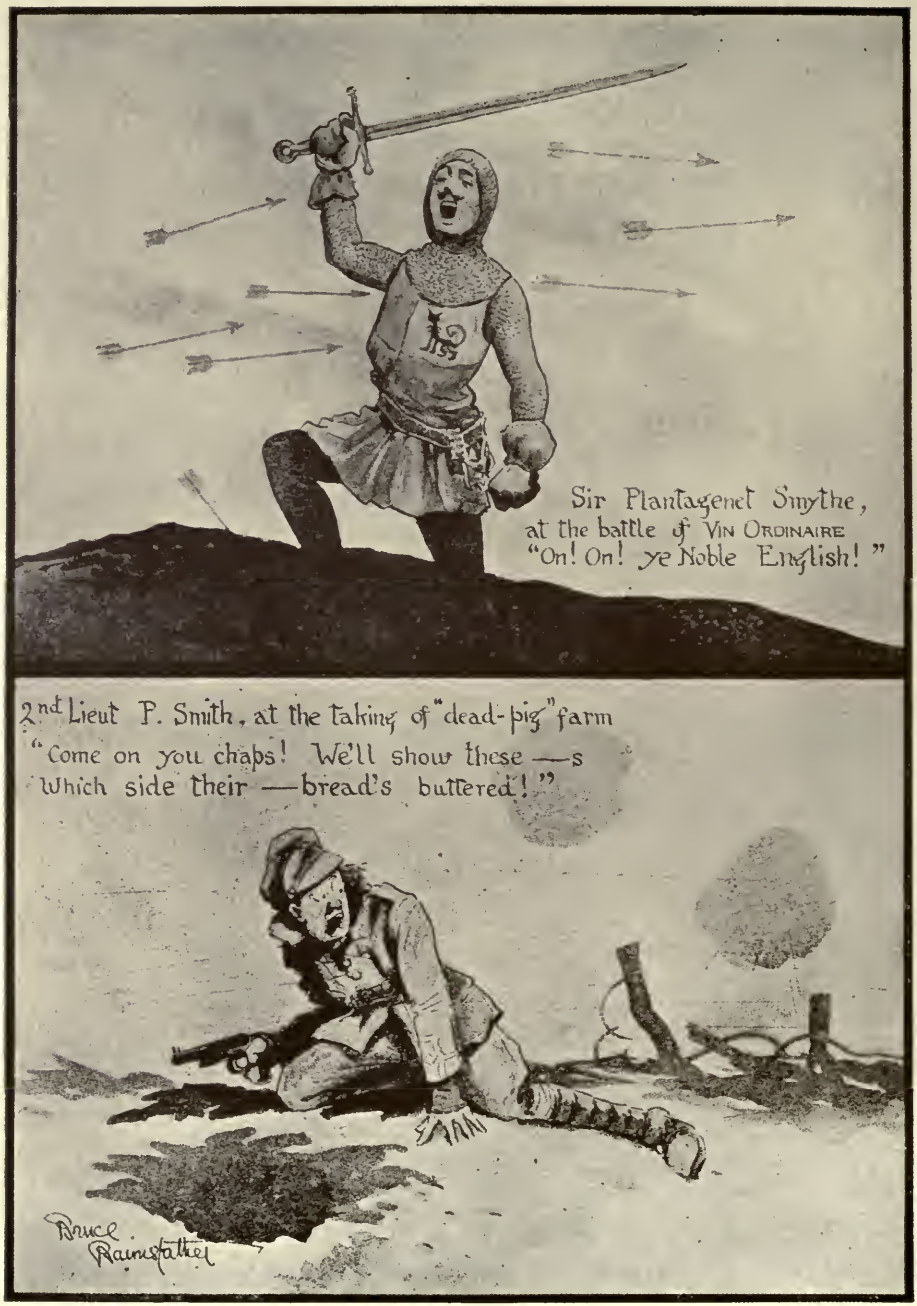
That painstaking fellow, Lieut. Orpheus, does his best, but finds it uphill work at times.

The Nest.

"'Ere, when you're finished, I'll borrow that there top note of yours to clean the knives with."

Immediate and Important!

Never has Private Smith's face felt so large and smooth as when he hands his Captain the following message at what he feels is an unsuitable moment: "The G.O.C. notices with regret the tendency of all ranks to shave the upper lip. This practice must cease forthwith."


Sir Plantagenet Smythe,
at the battle of Vin Ordinaire
"On! On! ye Noble English!"
2nd Lieut P. Smith, at the taking of "dead-pig" farm
"Come on you chaps! We'll show these —s
which side their —bread's buttered!"
Bruce Bairnsfather

Other Times, Other Manners.

The Decline of Poetry and Romance in War.

Happy Memories of the Zoo.

"What Time do they Feed the Sea-Lions, Alf?"

Observation.

"'Ave a squint through these 'ere, Bill; you can see one of the ————'s eatin' a sausage as clear as anythin'."

Letting Himself Down.

Having omitted to remove the elastic band prior to descent, Herr Franz von Flopp feels that the trial exhibition of his new parachute is a failure.

Old Saws and New Meanings——By Bairnsfather.

There is certainly a lot of truth in that Napoleonic maxim, "An army moves on its stomach."

His Dual Obsession.

Owing to the frequent recurrence of this dream, Herr Fritz von Lagershifter has decided to take his friends' advice: Give up sausage late at night and brood less upon the possible size of the British Army next spring.

The Communication Trench.

PROBLEM—Whether to walk along the top and risk it, or do another mile of this.

Valuable Fragment from Flanders: It All Comes to This in Time.

"This interesting fragment, found near Ypres (known to the ancients as Wipers), throws a light on a subject which has long puzzled science, i.e., what was the origin and meaning of those immense zigzag slots in the ground stretching from Ostend to Belfort? There is no doubt that there was some inter-tribal war on at this period."—*Extract from "The Bystander,"* A.D. 4916.

In Nineteen Something: General Sir Ian Jelloid at Home.

Having picked up this cherished possession for a mere song at a sale near Verdun, the General has now let his country seat, "Shrapnel Park," and says he finds the new abode infinitely cheaper, and not a bit draughty, if you keep the breech closed.

Nobbled.

"'Ow long are you up for, Bill?"
"Seven years."
"Yer lucky ——, I'm duration."

The Intelligence Department.

"Is this 'ere the Warwicks?"
"Nao. 'Indenburg's blinkin' Light Infantry."

THE 1ST BLOBSHIRE RIFLES
EXPERT GAS & BOMB MANIPULATORS
TRENCHES TAKEN AT SHORTEST NOTICE
COUNTER ATTACKS QUOTED FOR
OUR SPECIALITY: HOLDING MINE CRATERS FOR 24 HOURS
TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS "PLUMAPPLE" PLUGSTREET
H Q

Pushfulness at Plug Street.

Colonel Ian Jelloid, of the Blobshire Rifles, being an energetic and businesslike man, believes in advertising as an antidote to stagnant warfare.

His Secret Sorrow.

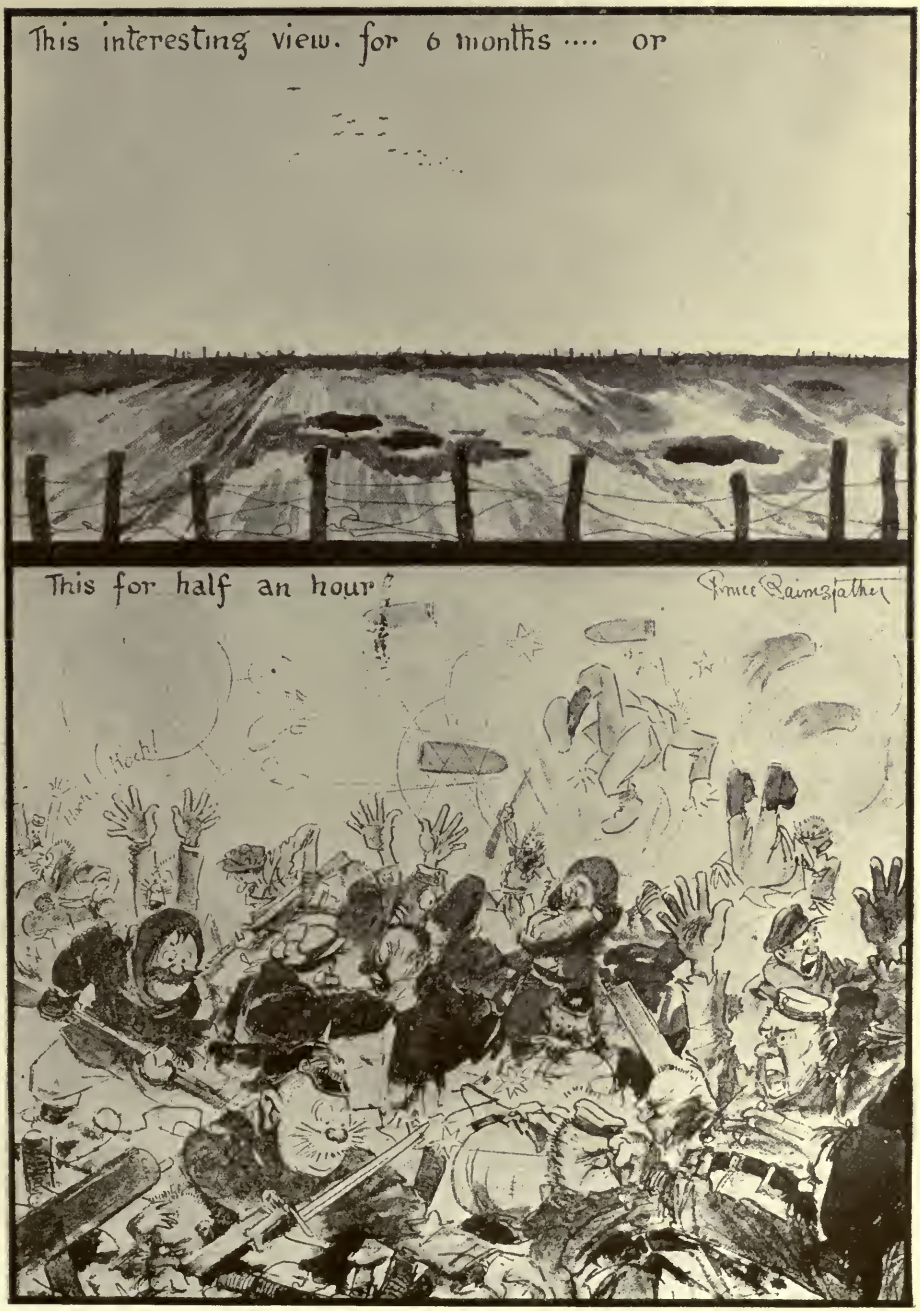
"I reckon this bloke must 'ave caught 'is face against some of them forts at Verdun!"

In and Out (I).

That last half-hour before "going in" to the same trenches for the 200th time.

In and Out (II).

That first half-hour after "coming out" of those same trenches.

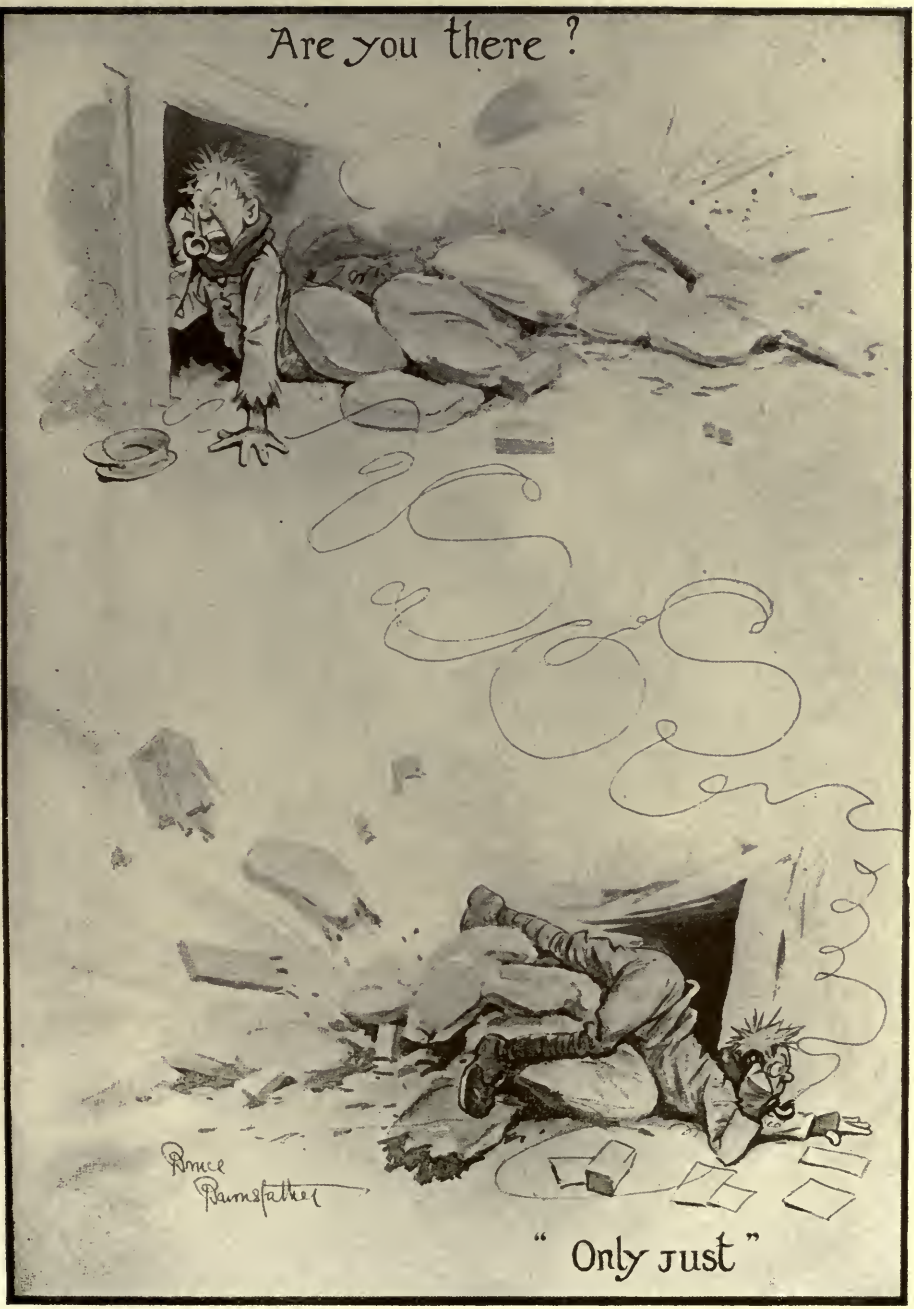


War!

— As it is for most of us.

A Matter of Moment.

"What was that, Bill?"
"Trench mortar."
"Ours or theirs?"

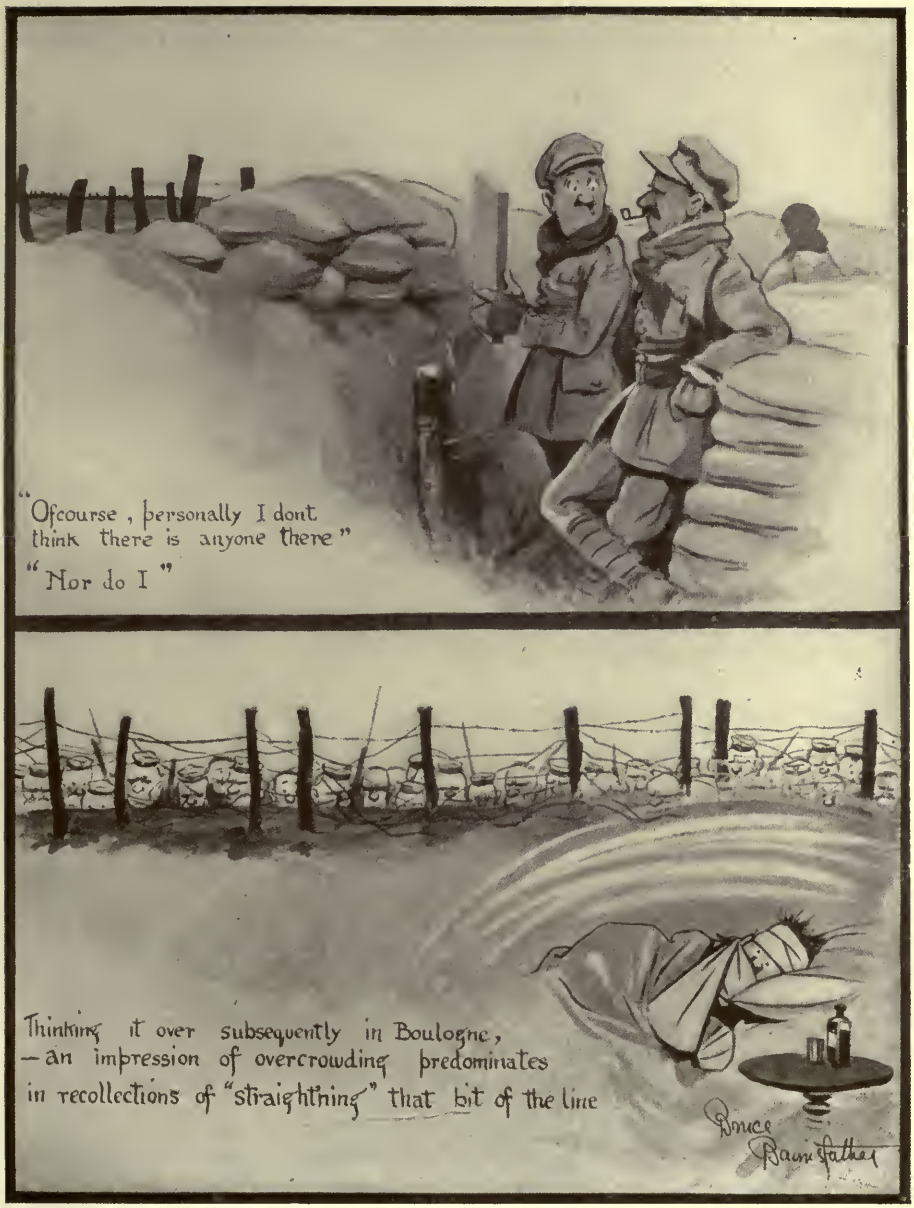


"S.O.S."

The Hard Lines of Communication.

The New Submarine Danger.

"They'll be torpedoin' us if we stick 'ere much longer, Bill."


"Ofcourse, personally I dont think there is anyone there"
"Nor do I"
Thinking it over subsequently in Boulogne, —an impression of overcrowding predominates in recollections of "straightning" that bit of the line
Bruce Bairnsfather

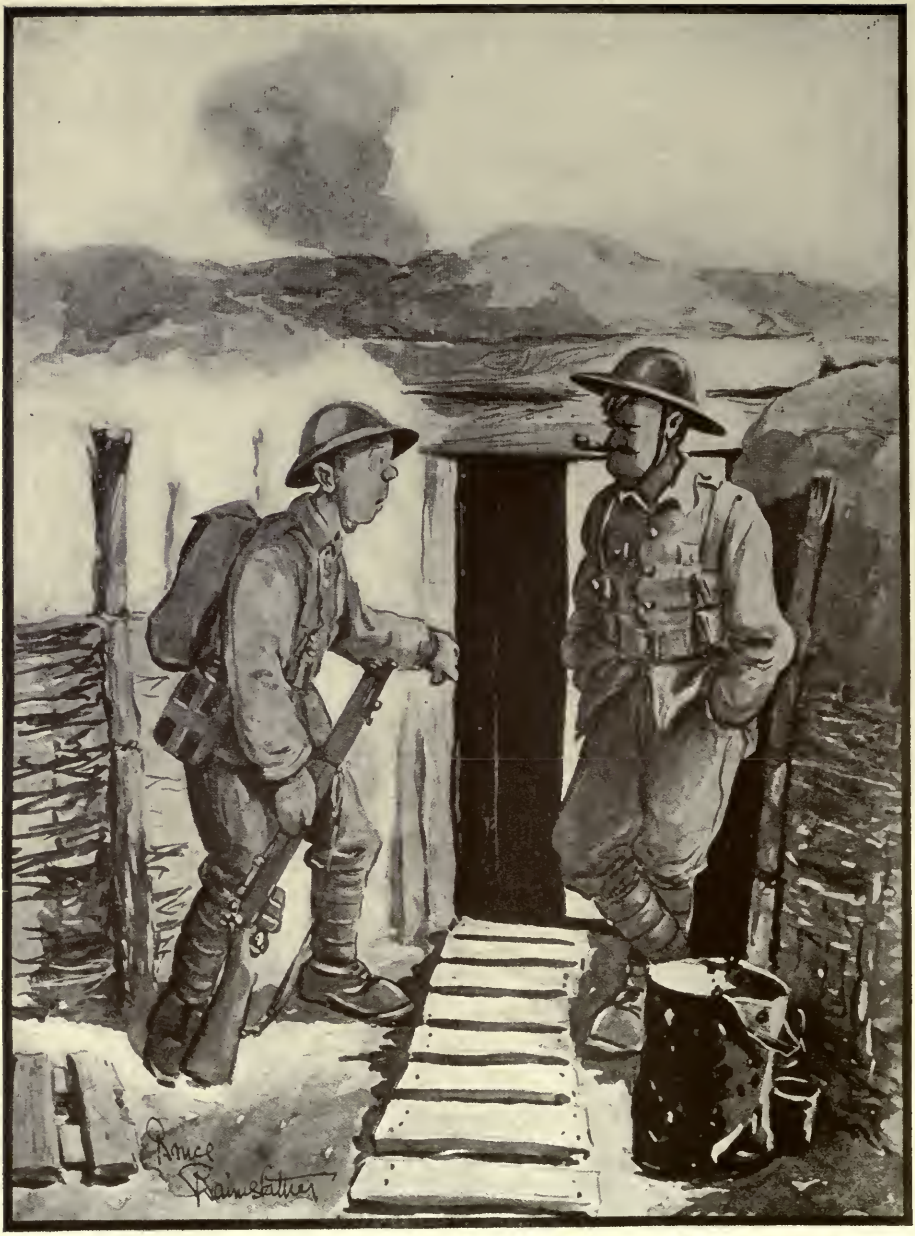
"We Look Before——And After."

Con Moto Perpetuo.

"Our Bert" (going on leave—having asked a question, and having listened to three minutes' unintelligible eloquence): "And 'ow does the chorus go?"

The Saint.

That indiscriminating orb, the moon, gives Private Scattergood a saintly appearance, sadly out of keeping with his thoughts. He's filling 100 sandbags at 11 p.m.

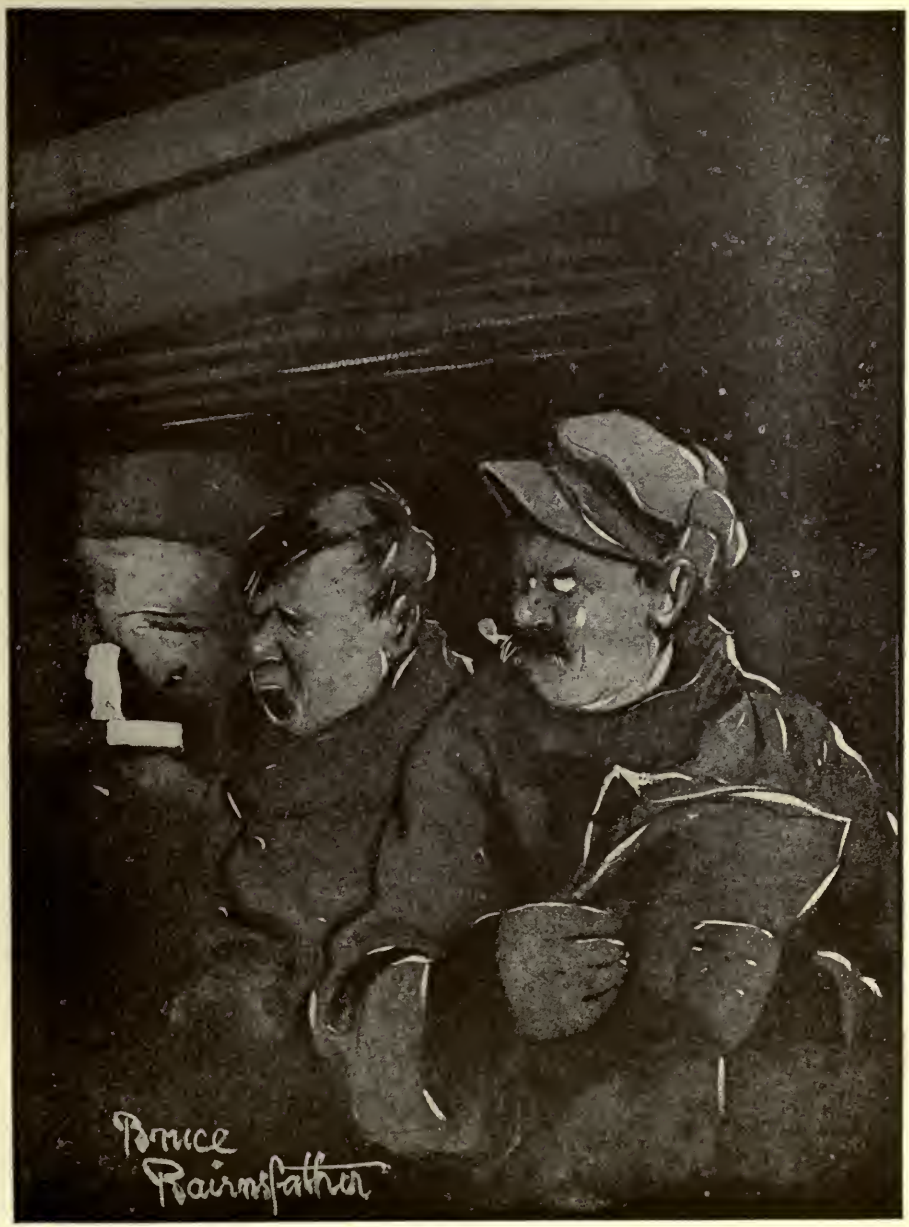


Those Tubular Trenches.

"Is this right for 'eadquarters?"
"Yes, change at Oxford Circus."

"LEAVE."

There are times when Private Lightfoot feels absolutely convinced that it's going to be a War of Exhaustion.



Real Sympathy.

"I wish you'd get something for that —— cough of yours. That's the second time you've blown the blinkin' candle out!"

Entanglements.

"Come on, Bert, it's safer in the trenches."

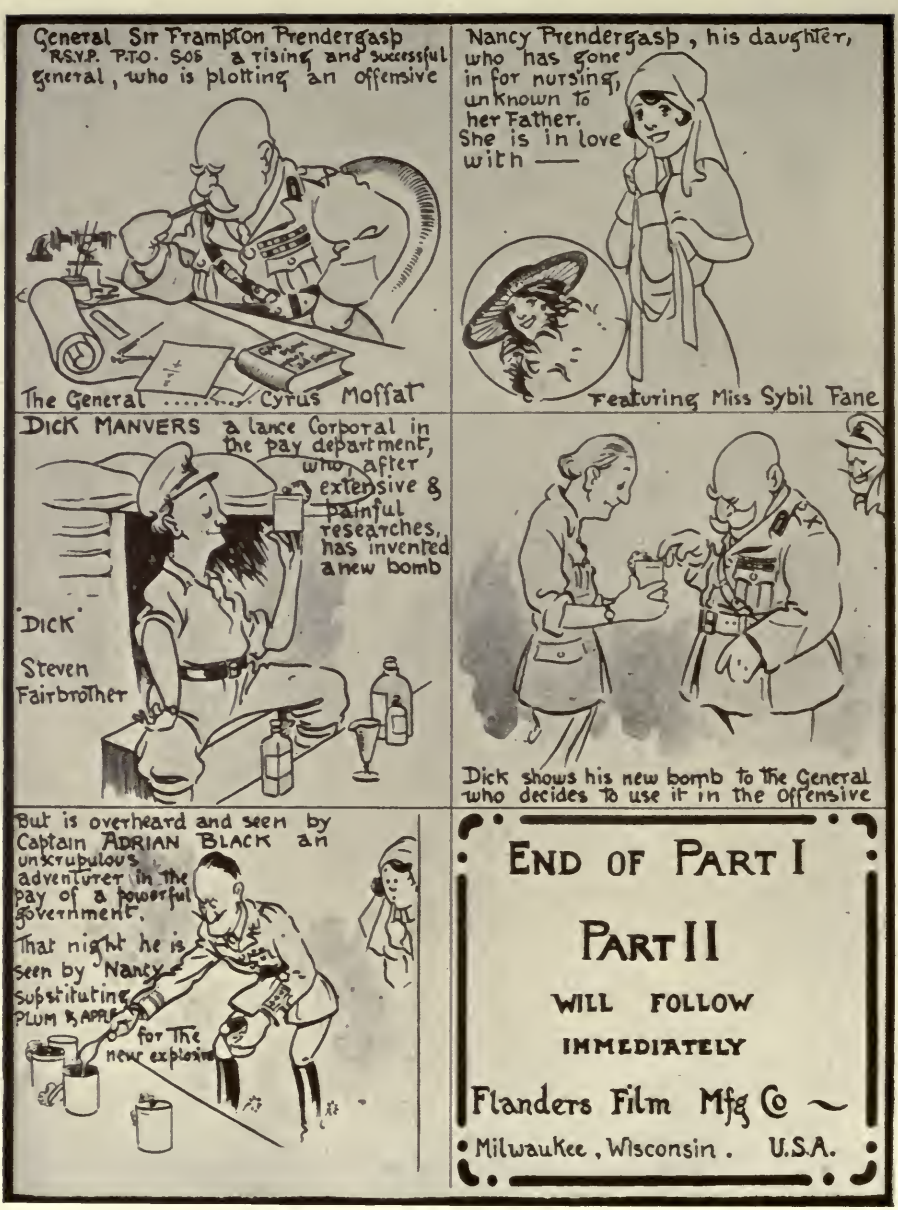
The Whip Hand.

Private Mulligatawny (the Australian Stock-whip wonder) frequently causes a lot of bother in the enemy's trenches.

Christmas Day: How it dawned for many.

Chat on 'Change.

"You owes me two francs and I owes you one that's got into the lining of me coat; that makes it right, don't it?"


General Sir Frampton Prendergasp
R.S.V.P. P.T.O. SOS a rising and successful general, who is plotting an offensive
The General ..... Cyrus Moffat
Nancy Prendergasp, his daughter, who has gone in for nursing, unknown to her Father. She is in love with ——
Featuring Miss Sybil Fane
DICK MANVERS a lance Corporal in the pay department, who, after extensive & painful researches, has invented a new bomb
DICK
Steven Fairbrother
Dick shows his new bomb to the General who decides to use it in the Offensive
But is overheard and seen by Captain ADRIAN BLACK an unscrupulous adventurer in the pay of a powerful government.
That night he is seen by Nancy substituting PLUM & APPLE for the new explosive
END OF PART I
PART II
WILL FOLLOW
IMMEDIATELY
Flanders Film Mfg Co
Milwaukee, Wisconsin. U.S.A.

How Dick Manvers

Every familiar feature of the Film is happily caricatured by Captain Bairnsfather in his amusing page of pictures. The hero, the heroine (with smile), the villain, the heavy father, all of the most approved pattern—everything down to

The Offensive begins . The new bomb is found to be equally explosive in spite of Captain Black's dark deed
Nancy, who fears disaster, steals her Father's private Howitzer and races to the Offensive
Black throws every obstacle in her way
"Dont you know me Dick?"
The General, who has been doing a bit on his own, becomes the unwilling witness of a touching scene
The General having heard their story, orders the arrest of Captain Black
Bruce Bairnsfather

Got His Star.

the meticulous inaccuracy characteristic of the American film in matters of detail, is shown with the good-natured sarcasm befitting a master of satire as well as of humour, while the story tells itself with breathless enthusiasm.

Overheard in an Orchard.

Said the Apple to the Plum: "Well, anyway, old man, they can never ask us what we did in the great war!"

"Under the spreading chestnut tree the village smithy stands."

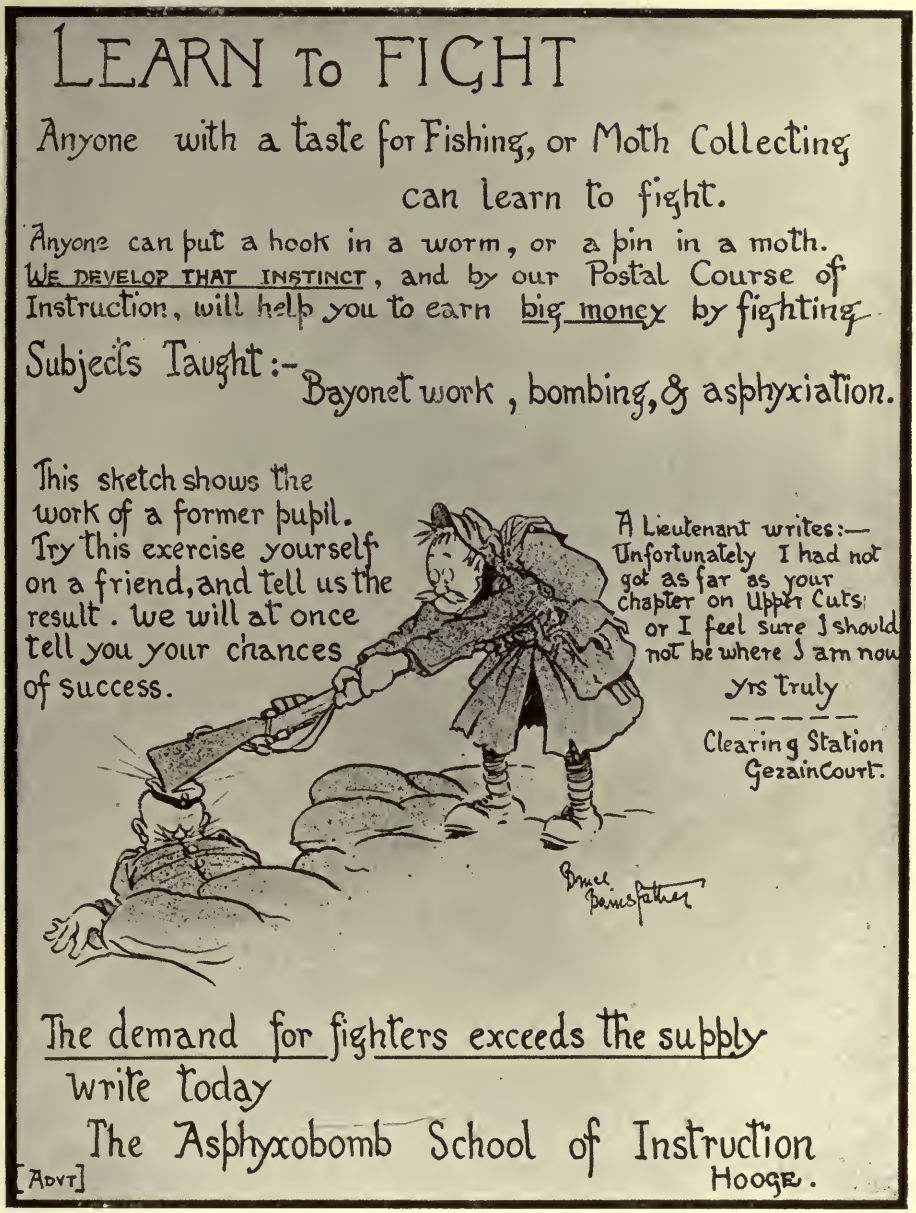
Augusts Three.

"The Imminent, Deadly Breach."

"Mind you don't fall through the seat of yer trousers, 'Arry!"

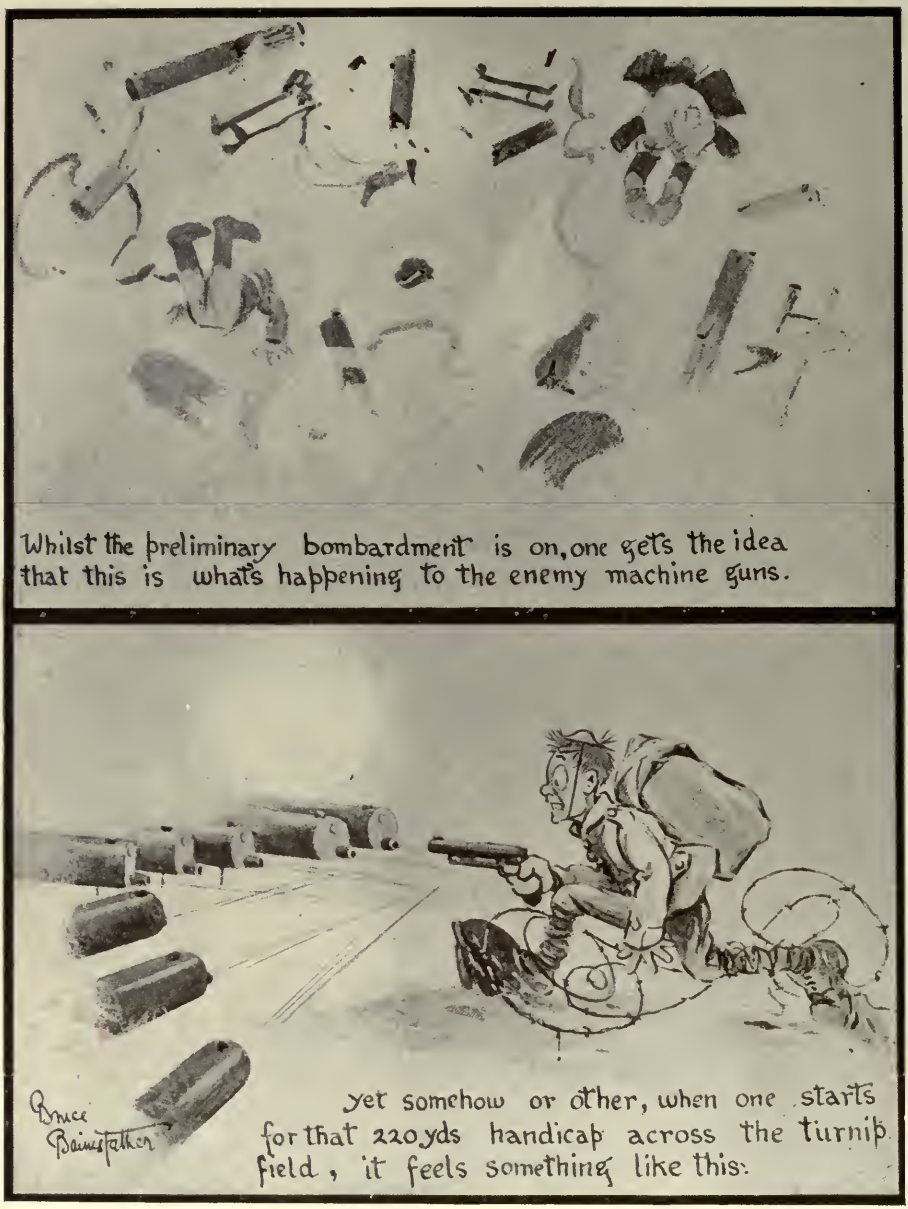
Telepathy.

"Two minds with but a single thought."


LEARN to FIGHT
Anyone with a taste for Fishing, or Moth Collecting can learn to fight.
Anyone can put a hook in a worm, or a pin in a moth. WE DEVELOP THAT INSTINCT, and by our Postal Course of Instruction, will help you to earn big money by fighting
Subjects Taught:- Bayonet work, bombing, & asphyxiation.
This sketch shows the work of a former pupil. Try this exercise yourself on a friend, and tell us the result. We will at once tell you your chances of success.
A Lieutenant writes:— Unfortunately I had not got as far as your chapter on Upper Cuts; or I feel sure I should not be where I am now
Yrs Truly
Clearing Station
GezainCourt.
Bruce Bairnsfather
The demand for fighters exceeds the supply
write today
The Asphyxobomb School of Instruction
HOOGE.
[ADVT]

Tips for Tommies.

Now that the war has become a world business, we must at any moment expect the appearance of this sort of thing in our papers.


Whilst the preliminary bombardment is on, one gets the idea that this is what's happening to the enemy machine guns.
Yet somehow or other, when one starts for that 220 yds handicap across the turnip field, it feels something like this.
Bruce Bairnsfather

The Offensive.

What it looks like—and what it feels like.

"Where do yer want this put, Sargint?"

Coming to the Point.

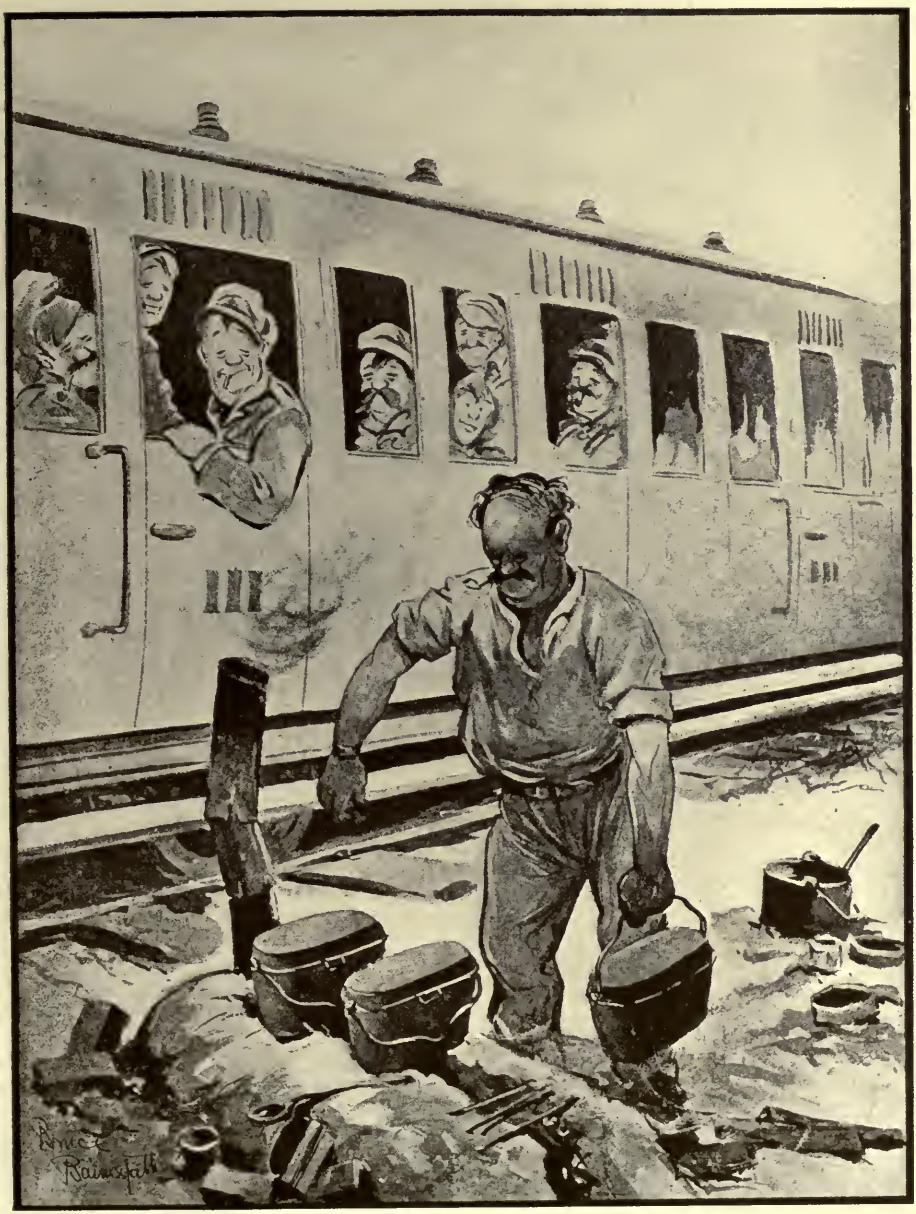
"Let's 'ave this pin of yours a minute. I'll soon 'ave these winkles out of 'ere."

Trouville-sur-Somme.

"Tell 'er to 'op it, Bert. I'm sittin' on a bit o' shell or somethin'."

Omar the Optimist.

"Here with a loaf of bread beneath the row,
A muttered curse, but ne'er a whine, and thou—
Beside me, singing in the wilderness,
The wilderness is Paradise enow."



In Dixie-Land.

"Well, Friday—'ow's Crusoe?"

Alas! Poor Herr Von Yorick!

Fricourt—July, 1916.

A Castle in the Air.

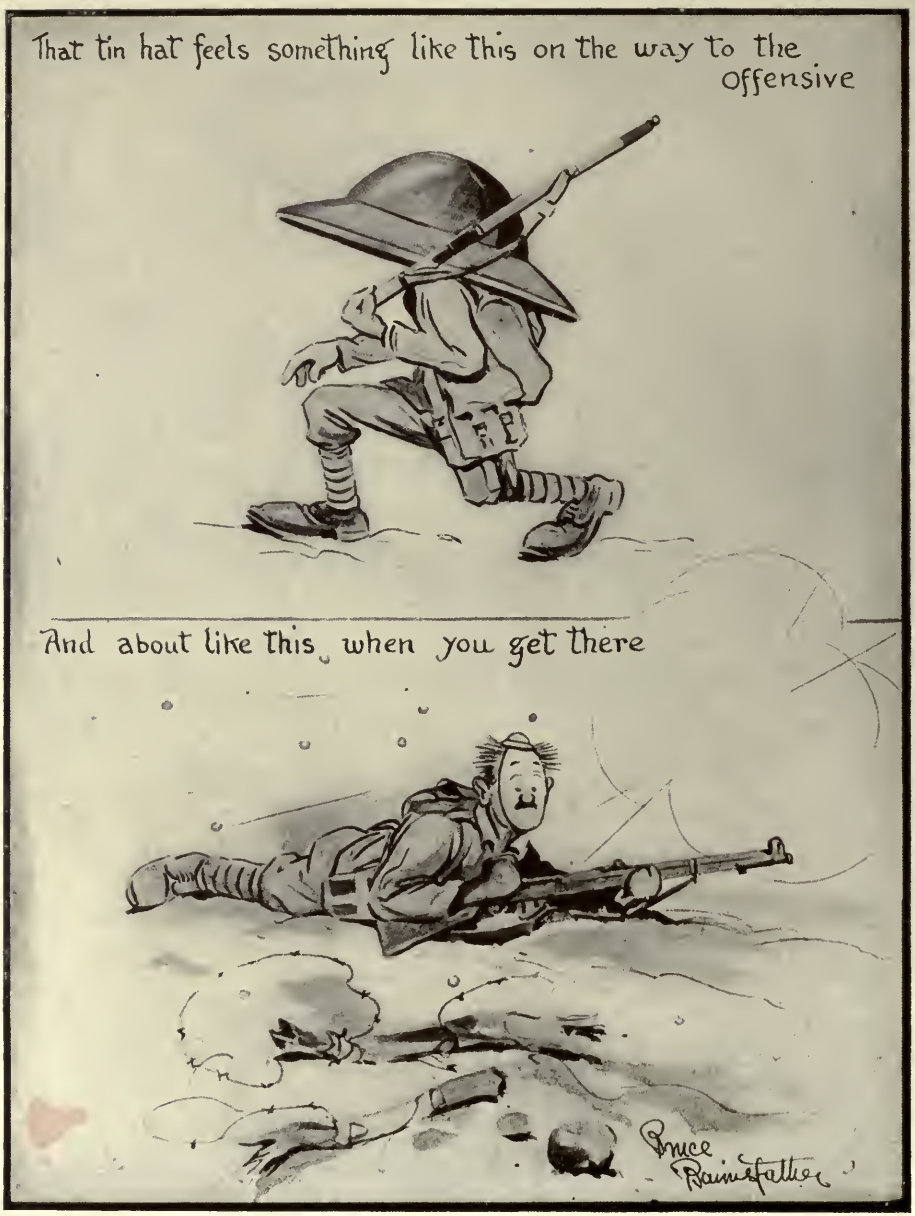
"A few more, Bert, and that there château won't be worth livin' in."

The Freedom of the Seas.

"I wish they'd 'old this war in England—don't you, Bill?" (No answer.)

Urgent.

"Quick, afore this comes down!"


That tin hat feels something like this on the way to the offensive
And about like this when you get there
Bruce Bairnsfather

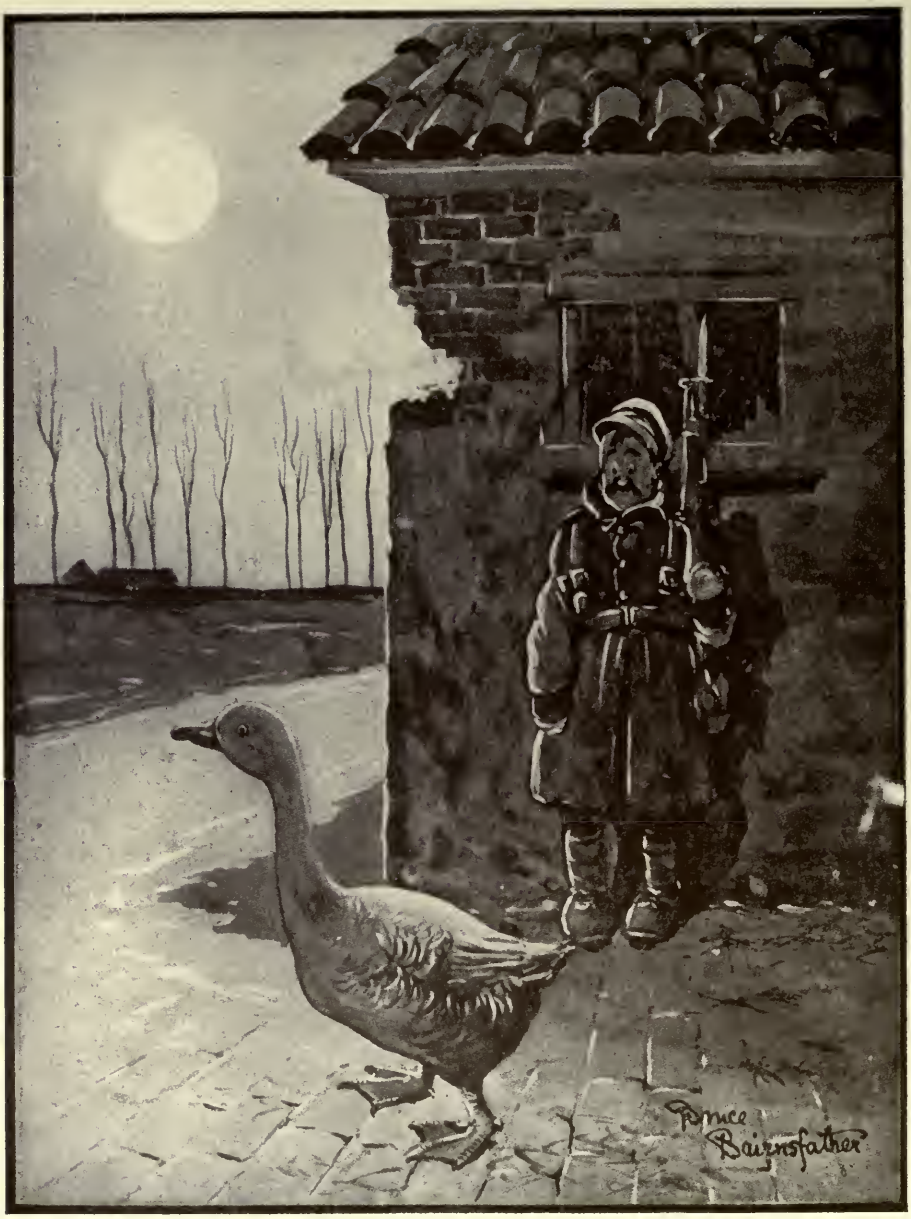
My Hat!

Helmets, Shrapnel, One.

Those Signals.

THE VIGILANT ONE: "I say, old chap, what does two green lights and one red one mean?"

RECUMBENT GLADIATOR (just back from leave): "Two crêmes de menthe and a cherry brandy!"



His Christmas Goose.

"You wait till I comes off dooty!"

"Old Moore" at the Front.

"As far as I can make out from this 'ere prophecy-book, Bill, the seventh year is going to be the worst, and after that every fourteenth!"

Supra-Normal.

Captain Mills-Bomme's temperature cracks the thermometer on seeing his recent daring exploits described as "On our right there is nothing to report."

(*He and his battalion had merely occupied three lines of German trenches, and held them through a storm of heavy Lyddite for forty-eight hours.*)

The Candid Friend.

"Well, yer know, I like the photo of you in your gas mask best."

The Long and the Short of It.

UP LAST DRAFT: "I suppose you 'as to be careful 'ow you looks over the parapet about 'ere."

OUT SINCE MONS: "You needn't worry, me lad; the rats are going to be your only trouble."

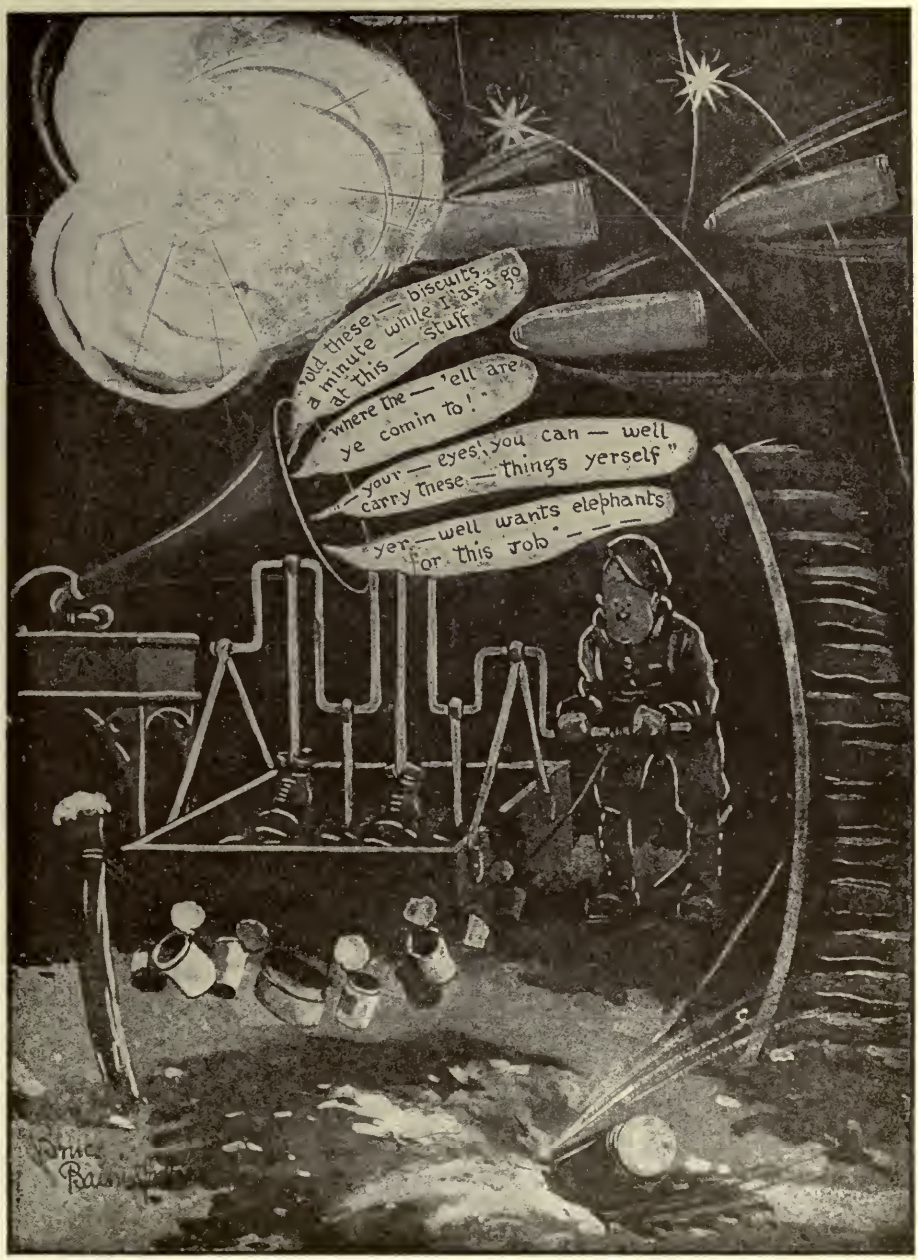
Natural History of the War

The Flanders Sea Lion (Leo Maritimus).

"An almost extinct amphibian, first discovered in Flanders during the Winter of 1914–15. Feeds almost exclusively on Plum and Apple Jam and Rum. Only savage when the latter is knocked off."

Things that Irritate.

Private Wm. Jones is not half so annoyed at accidentally falling down the mine crater as he is at hearing two friends murmuring the first verse of "Don't go down the mine, Daddy."


"old these — biscuits, a minute while I has a go at this — stuff."
"where the — 'ell are ye comin to!"
"your — eyes! you can — well carry these — things yerself"
"yer — well wants elephants for this job" — — —

Tactical Developments.

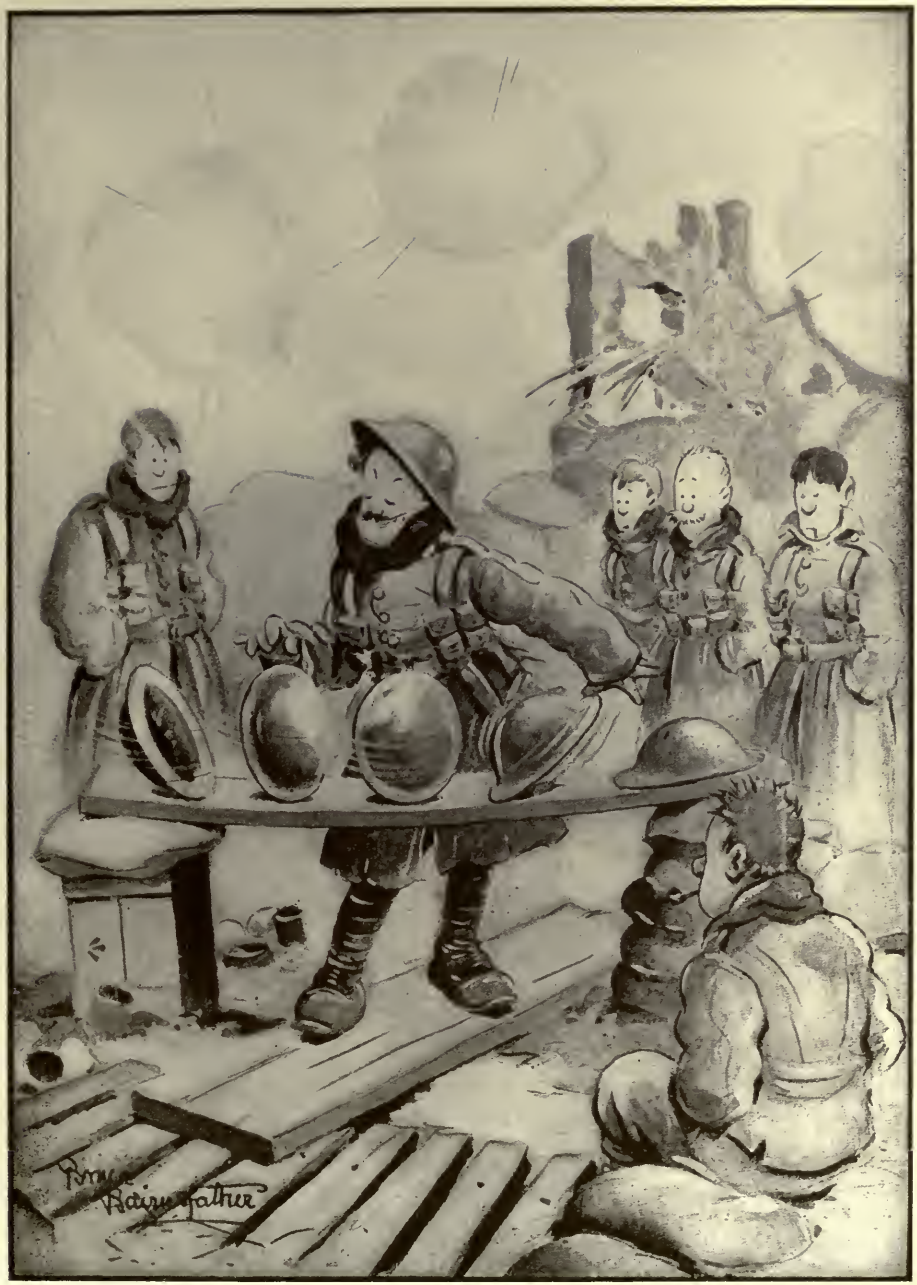
Private 9998 Blobs has always thought a machine for imitating the sound of ration parties (and thus drawing fire) an excellent idea, but simply hates his evening for working it.

That "Out Wiring" Sensation.

That Provost-Marshal Feeling

A sensation only to be had at a Base—in other words, a base sensation.

Blighty!



Still Keeping His Hand In.

Private Smith (late Shinio, the popular juggler) appreciably lowers the protective value of his section's shrapnel helmets by practising his celebrated plate and basin spinning act.

Those ——— Mouth-Organs.

"Keep away from the 'ive, Bert; 'e's goin' to sting yer!"

Modern Topography.

"Well, you see, here's the church and there's the post-office."

"There Was a Young Man of Cologne."

(I've forgotten the rest of the poem, but it's something about "a bomb" and "If only he'd known.")

Those Raiders at the Seat of War.

"I wish the 'ell you'd put a cork on that blinkin' pin of yours, Bert!"

Romance, 1917.

"Darling, every potato that I have is yours" (engaged).

That Periscope Sensation.

"I wonder if I oughtn't to tell the captain about that thing sticking up in the sea over there."

At the Brewery Baths.

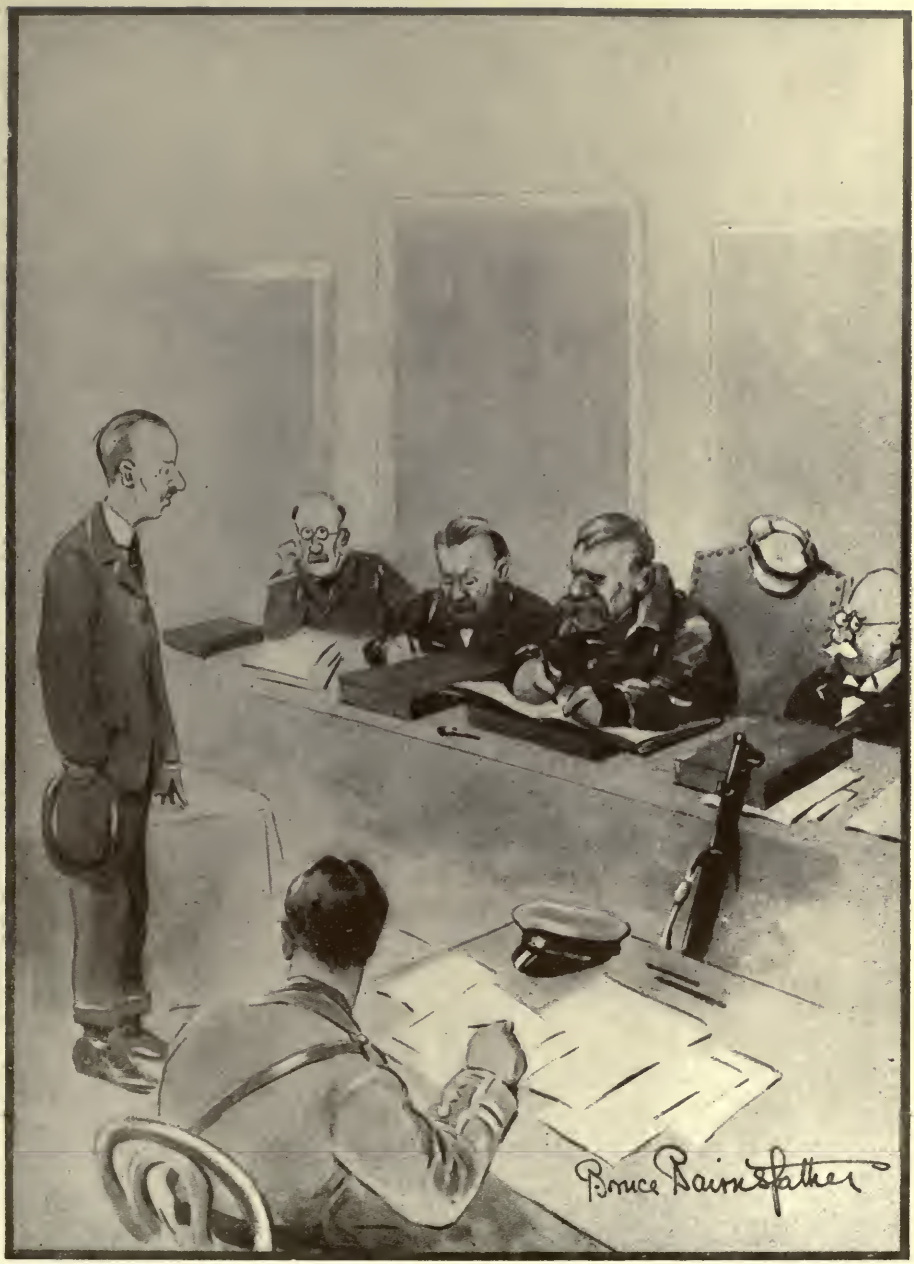
"You chuck another sardine at me, my lad, and you'll hear from my solicitors."

In the Support Trench.

Old Bill has practically decided to get Private Shinio (the ex-comedy-juggler and hand-balancer) transferred to another platoon.

It's the Little Things that Worry.

What is so particularly annoying to Private Lovebird is, that he would not have had this bother with his dug-out if his leave had not been postponed.



If Only They'd Make "Old Bill" President of Those Tribunals.

"Well, what's your job, me lad?"
"Making spots for rocking-horses, sir."
"Three months."
"Exemption, sir?"
"Nao, exemption be ———d! Three months' hard!"

The Stargazers.

—and their return to earth.

A Miner Success.

"They must 'ave 'ad some good news or somethin', Alf; you can 'ear 'em cheerin' quite plain."

Birds of Ill Omen.

"There's evidently goin' to be an offensive around 'ere, Bert."

"Yes, you are, one pound nineteen and elevenpence overdrawn, and that includes next month's pay"
Bruce Bairnsfather
(one who 'ad some)

Cox's.

When one feels rather in favour of floating a War Loan of one's own.

This Muddy War.

"'These 'ere staff cars do splash a lot, don't they, Bill?" (No answer.)

Down at the Ration Dump.

"Call me a Tank again, my lad, and I'll knock yer —— 'ead off!"

The Glorious Fifth.

"'Ere, Guy Fawkes—buzz off!"

Unappetising.

Moments when the Savoy, the Alhambra, and the Piccadilly Grill seem very far away (the offensive starts in half an hour).

That "Leave" Train.

One often hears the question :—
"what could Napoleon have
done in the Great War?"
He could certainly not have
gone in for this
It would have to be this, or nothing

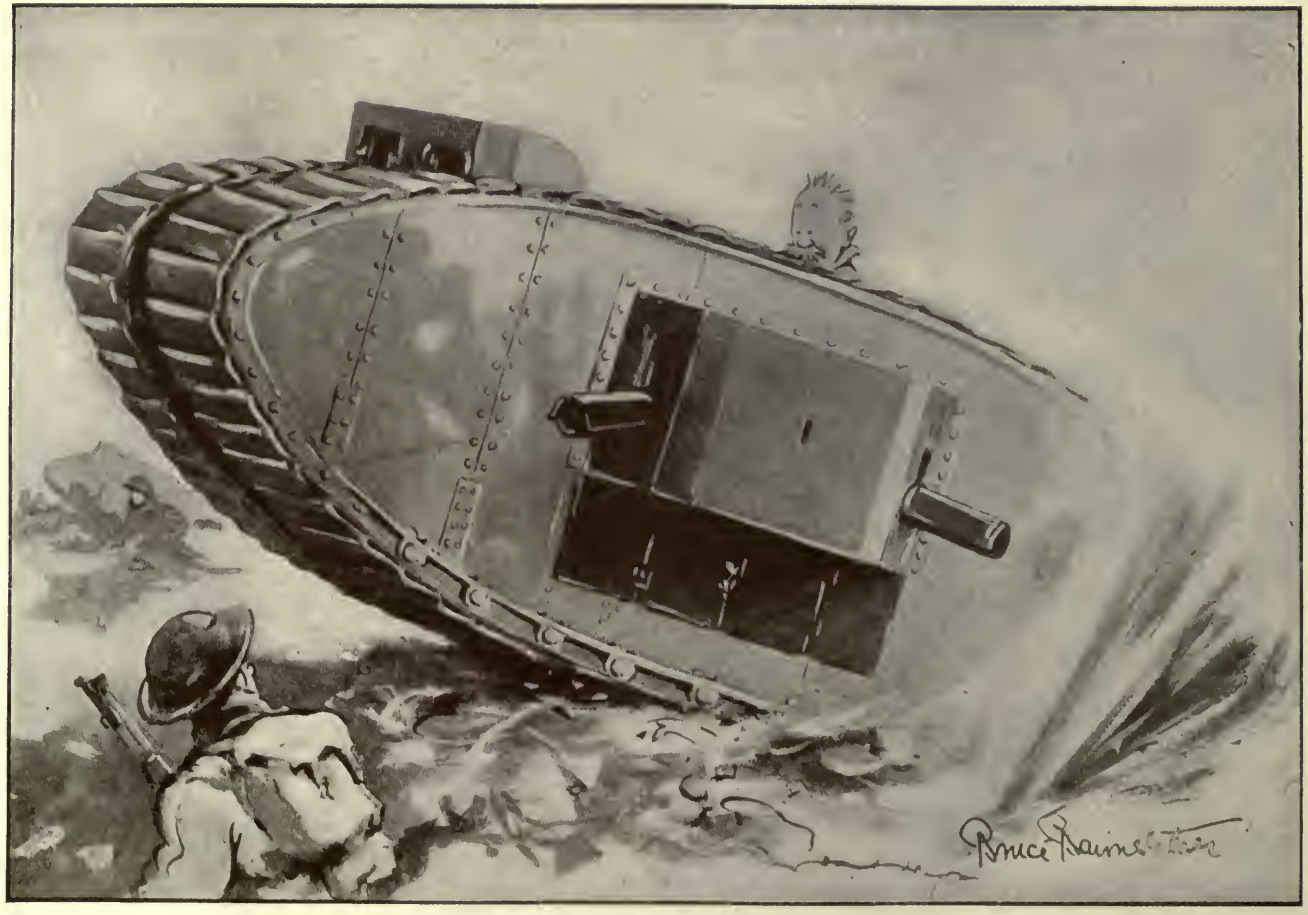
Other Times——Other Manners.

The Tourists, 19..?

"Remember this place, Bert?"
"Yes, it's where we used to chuck the fish to you, ain't it, Bill?'

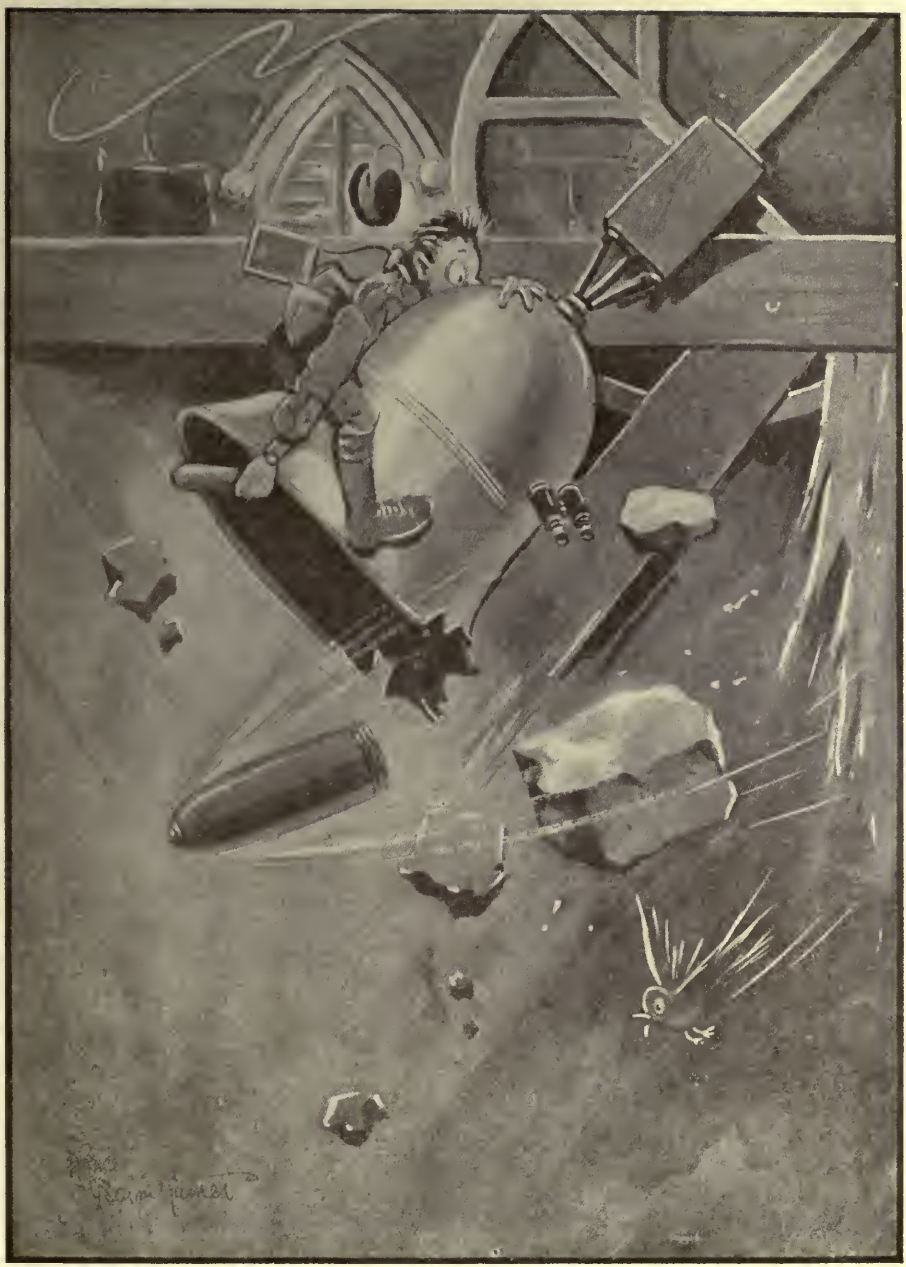
Alas! My poor Brother!

(In this cartoon Captain Bairnsfather refers to the report that the corpses of German soldiers fallen in battle were utilised in a Corpse-Conversion Factory for the purpose of providing fats for the Fatherland.)



Can-Tank-erous.

"'Ere! Where the 'ell are ye comin' with that Turkish bath o' yours?"



Curfew.

What particularly annoys Lieutenant Jones, R.F.A. (who thought he could get a better view from the belfry), is that irritating prediction which keeps passing through his head, "The curfew shall not ring to-night."

On the "Leave" Train.

You will never quite realise how closely we are bound to our French Ally until you have had the good fortune to travel on one of those "leave" trains —six a side, windows shut, fifty miles to go, and eighteen hours to do it!

Getting the Local Colour.

In that rare and elusive period known as "Leave" it is necessary to reconstruct the "Atmosphere" of the front as far as possible in order to produce the weekly "Fragment."

The Ghost of Dead Pig Farm—19..?

At midnight, an indignant, husky voice is heard to say: "B—— these blinkin' sandbags."

George versus Germany.

Should Mr. Robey be at any time called upon to go to the Front, he must be careful how he does this: "I'm surprised at you, Ludendorff!"

A Puzzle for Paderewski.

"It's a pity Alf ain't 'ere, Bert; 'e can play the piana wonderful."

"Substitutes" in the Field.

"I thought you said your uncle was a sending you an umbrella."

Leave.

Dep.: Paddington 2.15. Arr. Home 4.

ROLLS-DAIMLER, 1917.—Four-seated Coupé body (très coupé). Hardly been used, beautifully finished (almost completely). One dickey seat (*very* dickey), detachable rims (two already detached). Only driven 10 miles (Albert to Gommecourt). Excellent shock absorber (has absorbed any amount). In exceptional condition. £650 (or good bath chair). BARGAIN.—Captain Somepush, No. 2, Red Cross, Rouen.

Merely a Warning.

To those who may be contemplating picking up a Government car cheaply after the war. Insist on seeing photograph. Don't be satisfied by just reading the advertisements.

9762.

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